

# Kite – Tom Brando

Quit playing, quit playing  
Those wicked games  
It hurts me to the core  
Quit running, quit running  
Away from me  
You'll end up in other arms  
I don't want to play anymore  
I don't want to play anymore  
I don't want to play anymore  
I don't want to play anymore  
Love for me, love to me  
Is a pair of wings  
And to you is a pair of rings  
I gave you flowers, I gave you flowers  
And uncountable hours  
Did it mean anything to you?  
I don't want to play anymore  
I don't want to play anymore  
I don't want to play anymore  
I don't want to play anymore  
Ballerina, ballerina  
You've fell off beat  
My heart can't keep up  
With the pace your in  
Slow down, slow down for me now  
Or may I end this dance alone?  
I am tired of fighting  
I am sick of crying  
I need some time on my own  
I am tired of fighting  
I am sick of crying  
I need some time on my own  
Like a kite on a sandstorm  
Our love still flying now  
I don't even know how

With a broken string and no direction home  
With a broken string and no direction home

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych